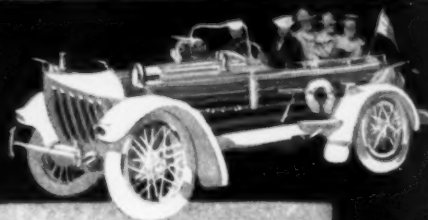




A LEAP-YEAR SERENADE



Bevo

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink.

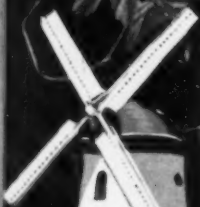
**Leadership, once established,
is strengthened and confirmed
by its followers and imitators.
Bevo's leadership is proclaimed
by the largest rear guard that
ever followed a leader.**

**Sold everywhere - Families supplied
by grocer, druggist and dealer. *
Visitors are cordially invited
to inspect our plant.**

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

ST. LOUIS.

"Serve it Cold"



United States Tires
are Good Tires



United States Tires
are Good Tires

How is this Year Different from Past Years in the History of Motor Transportation

YOU men who have watched the development of the automobile industry from the beginning remember how it used to be five or six years ago.

Some manufacturer announced a production of 5,000 cars for the coming year and everybody pitied him.

Registrations had already reached three millions.

o o o

The short sighted dealer shook his head and said it couldn't last.

He hurried to get his orders in and his cars out before it was too late.

Everything hinged on quick deliveries.

It is different today.

With nearly 8,000,000 registration ahead for the year 1920, we see the industry still in its infancy.

There can be no point of saturation short of the transportation needs of the country.

o o o

What are the transportation needs of America — passenger and freight — and when will they be met?

That is a question our children's grandchildren will still be asking.

So, with motor vehicles as with tires, there will be no limit to the demand for the most fit.

For example—today there is no scarcity of tires. You see no cars laid up for want of tires.

There is a scarcity of U. S. Tires.

o o o

This company with its enormous stake—the largest in the industry — is taking the long view—the sound, constructive view.

We are building and equipping for greater capacity, but placing responsibility for quality above the temptation of forced production. When we have doubled and trebled our facilities, there will still be a scarcity of U. S. Tires.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-Three Factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization
in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five branches

Strike Over—We're Back Again



LAST night we reached an agreement with the Business Office. They yielded practically on every point, but we have promised to say nothing against them, and that the past shall be forgotten. As a matter of fact, when we finally got together, we found the B. O. more human than we had imagined. They got us to admit, in spite of all its faults, that we really believe in this paper, and want to get as many good people as possible to subscribe. We admitted it, at the same time calling their attention to the fact that you can't always be talking about yourself and your abounding merits.

It was a great fight while it lasted. There were moments when we almost lost hope, until we remembered that "While there's LIFE there's hope." The B. O. had the wrong idea about us,

too. They thought—and frankly said so—that we were highbrows, snobs, intelligentsia. They didn't realize that we had to adopt an air of superiority towards them as a sort of defensive crust. However, it is now all right.

They have agreed to let us do as we please about advertising LIFE in this page, and to omit the offensive coupon and accompanying rates when we so desire. On our part, we have agreed, at certain times such as they may designate, upon proper notice, to insert for their benefit necessary information about the merits of this paper, subscription rates, etc., as they may desire. As nothing was said about the size of the type to be used for this purpose, we take pleasure in keeping our agreement, and at the request of the B. O. we print as follows:

LIFE is published every Tuesday and dated every Thursday. The news-stand price is ten cents. For this price it furnishes more original pictorial material than any other weekly in the world.

If you want to become a regular subscriber for one year, you can do so by sending five dollars to this office, if you live in the United States. (Canadian, \$5.52. Foreign, \$6.04.)

If you want to avail yourself of our special offer for three months, which is open only to new subscribers, you can do so for one dollar, if you live in the United States. (Canadian, \$1.13. Foreign, \$1.26.)

The Easter Number, coming on April 1st, will be a large double number, not less than seventy-two pages. And yet the price will be only ten cents for this number, as usual. Always be sure and order from your newsdealer ahead, if you are not a regular subscriber.

LIFE is a family paper. It is better that you should become a regular yearly subscriber, because then LIFE comes to the home, and can be read by all the members of the family.

We call this fact to the attention of the public generally, and to our readers in particular: that while some of the work by the artists who draw for LIFE appears in other periodicals, the best men (as, for example, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson) are practically exclusive with LIFE, which always has the first choice of the work of the best men. In short, LIFE is exclusive, is alone in its particular field.

The American people must be constantly growing more intelligent, because the circulation of LIFE is constantly rising.

(P. S.—We may say that the above was written by ourselves, in compliance with the request of the B. O. We believe it fairly expresses their views. There were some more things they wanted to add, but we were firm. We told them they would have to wait until next time.)

3
mo's.
or a
year,
Life, ac-
cording to
how much you
find enclosed.

who _____

where _____

and _____





THE WAY HE FELT IN THAT FIRST TOP HAT

Song of the Moonshiner
"WITH all thy faults I love thee,
still."



PURITY CROSS
Welsh Rarebit
*Smooth as velvet-always,
and so tasty!*
Handy tins - All Quality Stores.
FREE BOOKLET
"The Daily Menu Maker"
PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen—PURITY CROSS Chicken a la King, Creamed Finnan Haddie, Lobster Newburg, Chop Suey, Creamed Spinach au Gratin, Deviled Chicken, Deviled Ham, Deviled Tongue, Fried Chicken, Vienna Style Sausage, Corned Beef Hash, etc.

Capewell Horse Nails

More safety, service, satisfaction. A nail which holds when the strains are greatest. That's the Capewell nail record during many years' use by the leading blacksmiths of the country. Insist upon getting this brand used in the best shops—at home and abroad.



The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.

As easy to use as to say

"Mum"

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

is not limited to perspiration odors

"Mum" is so well known as *the* deodorant for perspiration odors, many forget it eliminates other body odors, too.

"Mum" destroys all odors, and particular people who want complete freedom from odors, use "Mum" after the bath.

"Mum" is harmless to skin and clothing.

25c at drug and department stores, or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Evans's Depilatory

To be "at your best" in décollete gowns, the arms and under-arms should be perfectly smooth and free from hair. You can remove hair quickly and without injury with Evans's Depilatory Outfit, right at your own dressing-table.

Complete outfit 75c at drug and department stores, or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price.

George B Evans 1108 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

Jimmie Meets Society's Pet

HE was the cutest dog I ever saw!
All white and curly,
And he stuck his paw
Right out to me to shake hands,
And his eyes
They was so smart it gave me a surprise;

Most dogs in cars are stupid,
But he
Wasn't a single bit, oh, no, sirree!
He was 'most human, sittin' by the wheel
Barkin' at me.
'N I reached up to feel
How soft he was.
And then the lady cried:
"Don't touch him please!"
And pulled him to her side.

"My pwecious love,"
She said, "Hush, hush such noise!
Oo mustn't p'ay wif dirty 'ittle boys."
She never even looked at me, but sat
And talked to him—
Fool baby talk like that!

And I went on,
I didn't care at all
'Cause I was dirty, but she had her gall
To say so, 's if I couldn't even hear,
It made me mad 'n I cried, pretty near,
Only I wouldn't.
But you bet I would
Steal that there curly white dog
If I could!

(Idea of anyone being so stuck up
She wouldn't even let me touch her pup!)

But I bet if she'd let him
He'd enjoy
Bein' a pal to some poor little boy

Like me, and playin' really. I
Would teach him tricks, pretending to
die
And beggin' for his supper, and now
Already he's learnt how
To shake hands and hold out his little
paw;
He was the cutest dog I ever saw!
Maurine Halliburton.

WHY has not Henry Ford's name
been mentioned for the Presidency?
He has plenty of money, he kept
his son out of war and he knows nothing
of history. He is also a splendid
traveler and rarely breaks down.

The Baffling Psychic Phenomenon
of the 20th Century

PSYCHO!

What is it? Do you want to be
ASTONISHED! MYSTIFIED!

Investigation of the mysterious
PSYCHO will
prove its startlingly true
claims. With
finger tips resting
lightly on
this instrument
it will write
intelligent answers
to questions asked.

Is this force magnetism, electricity, odyc, or is it spirit?
Science is rushing to explain this psychic phenomenon. Con-
vince yourself. Order PSYCHO today.
DIRECT SALES COMPANY
Times Building, New York City



Psycho Speaks for Itself

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



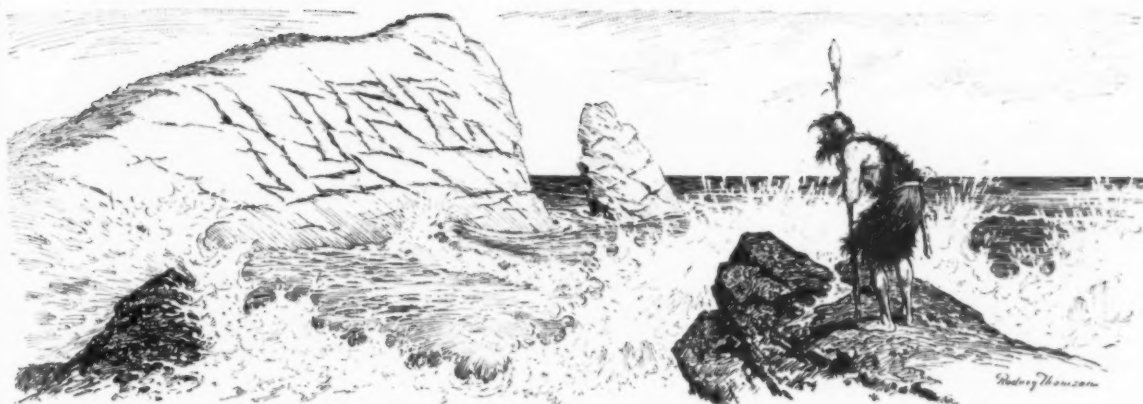
An exact reproduction of this beautiful painting by S. Werner, Size 18" x 24" in full colors will be sent to you for 15c in stamps.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains





The Spirit of the Time

THE profiteer puts up the price
To heights that are regrettable,
With this his motto, brief, concise,
"I'll get all that is gettable!"
He'll take the money from our purse
As long as we can pay with it,
Nor cares a bit how much we curse
If he can get away with it.

The laborer who goes on strike
For things unjustifiable
Will let us holler all we like,
But still remain unpliable.
He will continue with that stuff,
And stubbornly he'll stay with it,
So long as people stand his bluff
And let him get away with it.

It's you and I that are the "goats"
Of all this gouging terrible.
Perhaps we'll change it with our votes
When it becomes unbearable.
Meantime we grab what coin we can,
And make our small display with it.
(I wrote this lyric on that plan,
And hope to get away with it!)

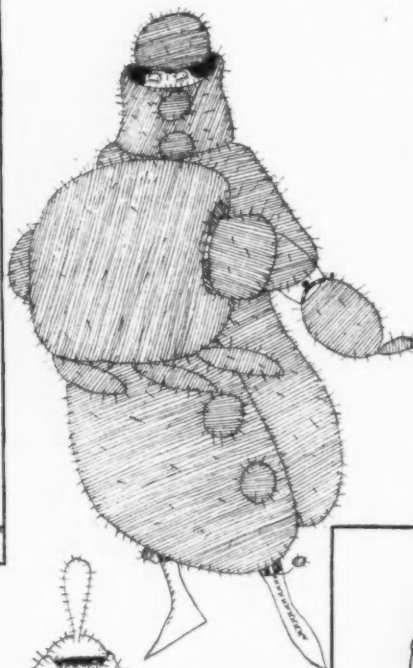
Berton Braley.



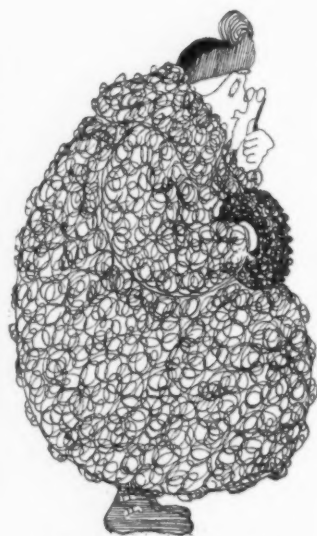
Magistrate: WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HE BACKED HIS WAGON INTO YOU? DID YOU HAVE WORDS?
Chaufeur: I DID, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO USE 'EM.



BLACK FURRED VAMPALOT

THE COAXANGET, SOMETIMES
CALLED THE YELLANGET

SPOTTY TROTTROT



LIMOUSINE CURLEY LAMB



THE WHITE CUTIECUTE



LONG-HAIRED LUNCHEON DATE

Bill Breck

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICAN CITIES
HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE FURRY TRIBE



"I WONDER WHEN YOU WERE BORNED!"

Literary Item

MR. MUNSEY'S coupling on of titles, the *Sun* and *New York Herald*, suggests other ornate possibilities, such as:

Bryan's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Calendar and Weekly McAdoo.

The Sims' and Daniels' Scrap Book.

The U. S. Hoover and Missouri Reel.

The Daily Hylan and Afternoon and Evening Hearst.

The Morning Grayson and Tumulty.

The Weekly Gompers and Fortnightly Gary.

Hiram Johnson's Bazoo and Thomas Marshall.

FOREIGNER: Do the American people enjoy good government?

AMERICAN: Yes, when they can get it.

HAD Shakespeare lived in these times, he might not have written the comedy, "Love's Labor Lost." Rather would it have been a tragedy: "Labor's Love Lost."



THE COMPOSER GETS INSPIRATION FOR SOME JAZZ MUSIC

The Perfect Candidate

(Your Impression After Reading the Newspapers)



HE has characteristics of Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Ben Franklin and Davy Crockett. He admires and respects the English for their virtues, but is aware of their vices; he loves France, but not immoderately; hates Prussianism, but gives the Germans credit for their good points; is for a tariff high enough for Pittsburgh and low enough for Red Oak, Iowa. He never has offended either capital or labor; has been for women's suffrage at least since it became inevitable; has never publicly committed himself on Prohibition; is for national economy, but gives the impression of knowing how to spend if necessary; is for the League of Nations with amendments, which he has been careful never to commit to words.

Overworked Profanity

IT will soon be in order for some of our most popular forms of profanity to strike for shorter hours. We look for this reform to come from England, where the damns and hells have been doing such noble work in the most popular novels. Think of a damn and a hell not only being almost constantly in the mouth of some noted character of fiction, but having also to appear nightly on the stage, not to speak of Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

FORWARDLOOKER: The Senate has a plan to settle labor disputes.

CYNIC: If labor would devise a plan for settling Senate disputes, we might have peace.



"SAY, IF YOU FELLERS'LL CLEAN OFF THE SNOW FROM OUR STEPS, I'LL LET YER FEEL ME MUSCLE"



"SURELY THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY OF REDUCING THE NUMBER OF PEDESTRIANS."

"I FANCY THEY'RE SENT AS A CROSS FOR US TO BEAR."

Her Condition

HE: I love you.

SHE: Be seated. Are you familiar with the latest provisions of the income-tax law?

HE: Why—er—darling, I—

SHE: Have you looked up the local, state and national candidates for election?

HE: I'm afraid that—

SHE: Give me a brief summary of the Constitution of the United States and Washington's farewell address, and repeat the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

HE: I cannot; I—

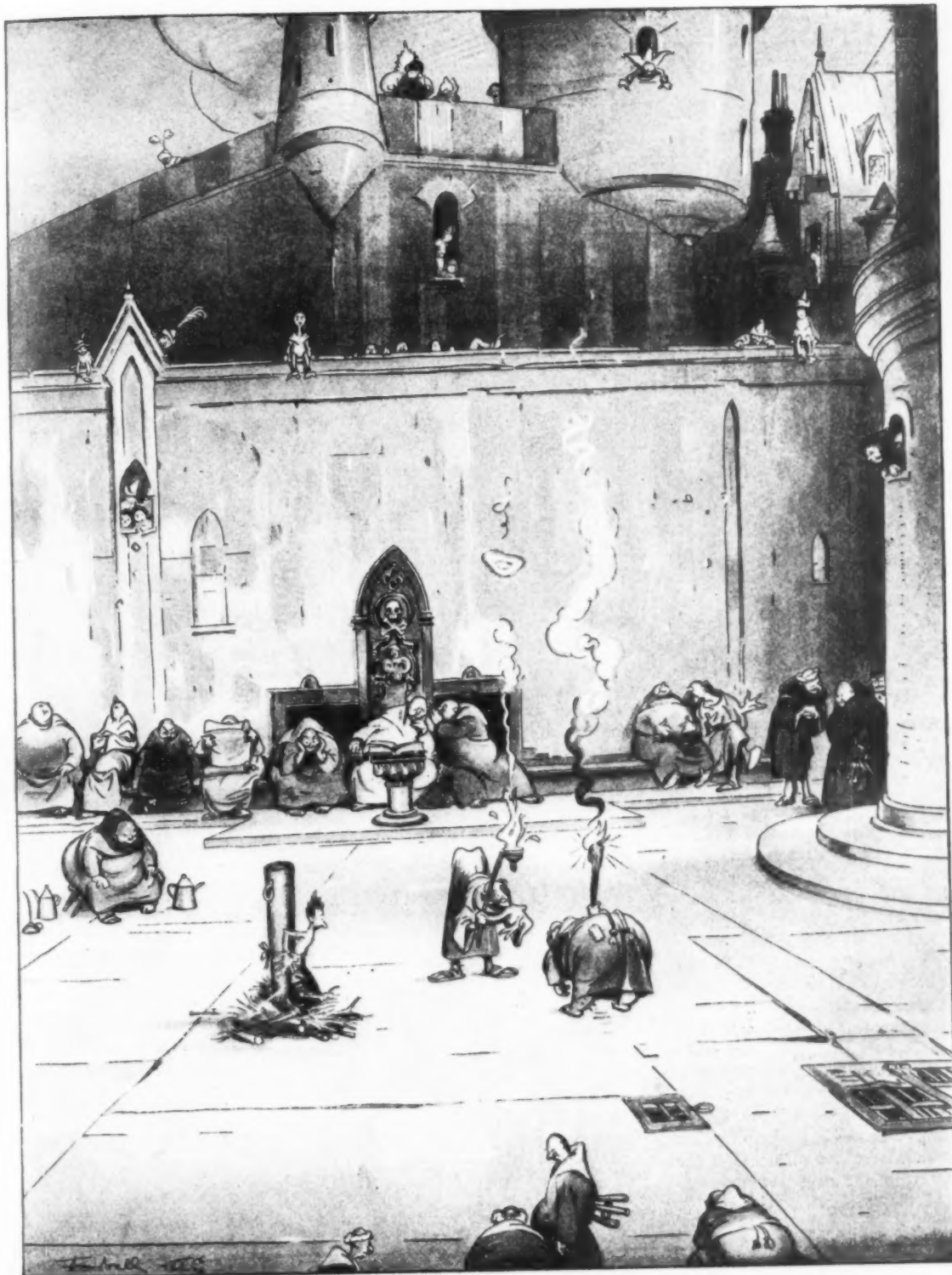
SHE: Do you know anything about local, state or national politics?

HE: Not a thing.

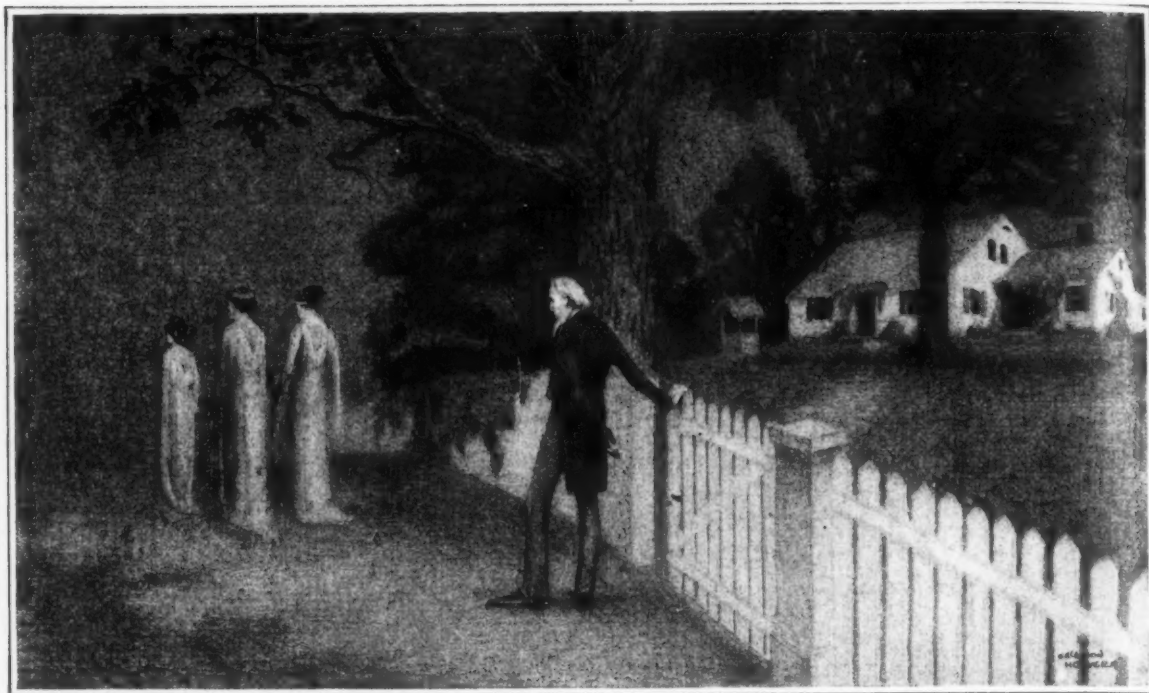
SHE: Then I will marry you, on one condition.

HE: And that is—?

SHE: That you never learn about these things. I am compelled to do so, in order to take my place in the ranks of women voters. But one member of our family who knows about them will be enough.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
"AFTER YOU"



TWILIGHT

THE PASSING OF LIBERTY, ROMANCE AND BEAUTY

Society Under the Soviets



ONE of the most important Soviet weddings of the Red winter season took place yesterday, when Miss Murda Inerhart, daughter of Mrs. Venom Inerhart, became the trial wife of Mr. Felonious Arson. Both young people are members of families socially and criminally prominent. As the opening bars of the "Internationale" pealed forth at four p. m. the trial bride, attended only by a maid-of-dishonor, entered the arena. She was gowned quietly in red, and wore a superb pearl necklace, the theft of the bridegroom. After the ceremony a deception took place at the home of the bride's mother, and a triple cordon of police surrounded the house to protect the guests from the never-ceasing menace of the law-abiding citizen. At the end of the long drawing-room, which was festooned with intertwined bones and forget-me-nots, and banked high with monogrammed metatarsi, the young couple re-

ceived their many friends, under a canopy of poison ivy and rare skulls. The wedding presents, which were much admired, included a magnificent

wrought-iron solitaire bombholder, sets of old dynamite, pogrom pistols, old-fashioned vitriol-containers, stiletto strops, extra guillotine blades, fuse-cases, embossed blackjacks, nitroglycerine tabloids and a pair of early nineteenth-century brass-knuckles that had been handed down in the family through several jails. After a brief tour of the manufacturing centres, the bridegroom will re-enter the sabotage business.

A Practical Definition

ADKINS: Well, the world is at last safe for democracy.

WATKINS: Just what is democracy, anyway?

"A democracy is a form of government where one party doesn't do things as they ought to be done, and the other party tells how much better they would be done if it were in power."

The Bolshies

UNKEMPT, unfettered and unhung.



AS IT SEEMS TO THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN FIGURING HIS INCOME-TAX PROBLEMS

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize . . \$500.00
Second Prize . . \$200.00
Third Prize . . \$100.00

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920, no manuscripts received on that date after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must

contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter.

The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page



DOGS ARE RAPIDLY GOING OUT OF STYLE

The End of a Long Era of Humor



A DEEP-TONED clock tolling in measured cadence the midnight hour always carries with it portent of impending disaster, but never have its notes chilled so many joyous hearts and brought such dismal fears of the future as on that bleak and dreary winter's night when they sounded the death-knell of John Barleycorn.

Outside the gaily lighted restaurant, on whose tables the empty wine bottles marked the finish of a long and joyous revel such as never would come again, a phantom group shivered in the snow and the sleet, and watched the wind-up of the age of honest merriment that was already old and gray when the miracle of Cana was performed. And, as they saw the revelers disperse, they realized that their day, too, was done; that in the dull gray years that opened before them they were to have no place.

For they were the ghosts of the humor of inebriety, their usefulness over, their course run, and as they stood there they seemed to themselves and to each other pitifully alone and friendless, although they had served the world long and faithfully, in text and picture and on the stage.

"I cannot tell my exact age," said one of them, "but I did service in the baths of Athens when that city was

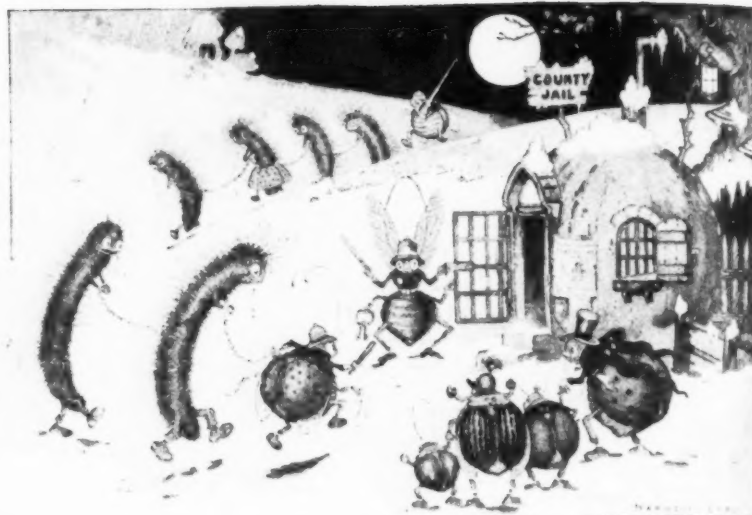


A HINT

Bashful Suitor: D-DO YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S NOW LEAP YEAR?

She: IS THAT A HINT FOR ME TO PROPOSE?

B. S.: Y-Y-YES.



First Bug: WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT HERE?

Second Bug: EXCITEMENT! WHY, THEY'VE JUST ARRESTED THE ENTIRE CATERPILLAR FAMILY ON SUSPICION. THEY SAY THEY LOOK LIKE RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIKS.

the intellectual centre of the world, for I am the wine of precious vintage served in the very little glass, and the Athenian wits roared with laughter as they pronounced me the smallest thing of my age they had ever seen. I have come down through the centuries diffusing innocent good cheer, until Chaplain X of the Eighty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, who is quite a wag in his way, interred me among the honored dead in *Harper's* Editor's Drawer."

"I, too," said another shade, "can look back to merry days in the Grecian capital, where I was an instrument in the hands of Socrates for the rebuke of the dissolute Alcibiades as he stumbled over his threshold with a latchkey that would not fit. In recent years I have walked the crack in the pavement with uncertain step, clung to the lamp-post in the belief that it was the mast of a ship on a stormy sea, and returned from the lodge to the embrace of an embittered wife."

"We have all known that fitting climax to an evening's revelry," said another, "but it has always fallen to my lot to be butted off the front steps by a goat lurking in the vestibule. Ah, those were happy days!"

"And I," said a lusty youngster, "have shared Falstaff's sack many a time—"

"Hold!" cried a gray and palsied veteran; "you are but babes in arms

compared with me. I came on earth with the earliest pressing of the grapes on the banks of the Euphrates, when mirth was young and that favorite diversion of the ancients, the skipping-rope dance, was performed with a strip of grapevine. Ham taunted the drunken Noah with me, and I have followed the cocktail route from Mount Ararat to Broadway. I am the humor of the vine and the father of you all."

The night had passed while they talked, the snow had ceased to fall, and now a faint rosy light showed itself against the dreary winter's eastern sky.

"Behold the omen, and take hope!" exclaimed the ancient shade. "The golden age of inebriety is over, but the melancholy one of enforced sobriety offers its opportunity."

And, with the breaking of the dawn, the hoary shades changed their shape, and there sprang into being a lusty band of jokes on not getting anything to drink.

James L. Ford.

Willing Slaves

WALL STREET, Fall Street, Stall Street—

All of them stand for the same. Pool men, cool men, fool men, Playing a lottery game. Sad eyes, glad eyes, mad eyes, Watching the tentacle tape. Chilled so, thrilled so, willed so, Not a one cares to escape.



IN THE DAYS GONE BY

Mistress of 1860: I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU WOULD COME MORE PROMPTLY WHEN I RING, BRIDGET.
I HAVE BEEN WAITING EVER SO LONG FOR MY FAN.

Leap Year Insurance

LIFE'S Insurance Bureau is pleased to offer a leap-year policy for the protection of bachelors. In event of marriage, payment will be made on the following basis:

Total loss of liberty.....	\$25,000
Loss of weekly night at club.....	5,000
Loss of week-end fishing trips.....	2,500
Compulsory church attendance.....	2,500
Compulsory symphony attendance.....	2,500
Loss of golf.....	10,000
Entertaining wife's elder sister.....	2,500
Entertaining wife's younger sister.....	000
Marriage to bridge fiend (loser).....	25,000

For detailed information concerning premiums, etc., address LIFE'S Insurance Bureau.

SCOTT: What is your notion of an ideal church?

JACKSON: One that meddles with neither politics nor religion.

Helpful Praying

A YOUNG woman, a foreigner, living at the Y. W. C. A. home while she took her training preparatory to engaging in the work of a foreign missionary, invariably attended the daily evening prayer meetings and invariably made very long extempore prayers. One evening a new boarder attended prayer meeting and made so long a prayer that all others were silenced. After meeting, the foreign missionary student hurried to her.

"What do you mean, interfering and making prayers in meeting?" she wrathily demanded. "After this you be still. You don't need to pray. I—I need much to pray. Every night I need to pray. It helps my English!"

FIRST PROFITEER: In spite of the high prices, people aren't dying of starvation.

SECOND PROFITEER: No, sir! We've got to put on the screws harder!

"I CARE not who writes my novels," said the publisher, "as long as I have a best-selling author to write the prefaces."



THE PARTY LINE



DEFINED

"SAY, STORMIE, WHAT'S A GENIUS, ANYWAY?"
"GENERALLY, HE'S A MAN WITH A CLEVER PRESS AGENT."

Treasures

THE blessings that Fate hands to us
Are oft divided right;
For I have sugar in my bin,
My friend has anthracite.

My friend has hens that really lay!
But 'twould be hard to choose—
For I have feet well planned to wear
The bargain-table shoes!

Ethel M. Coleman.

"BUT, father, Billy has five thousand a year."

"My dear girl, your clothes cost that."

"But we'll buy the clothes."

A Letter

To Jo Sillers, Caleb's Corners, Maine.

DERE JO its no fun bein sik in this plas I got here alrit Noo Yok is sum town I sed it Jo, but tha ar so blamed bissy I never see em enywa its up in the air miles I got the flu nd I ken luk down on Centrel Pak Gee its awful to be sik tha dont care I hope I di before sundown tha got me in a bed al alon an I ant seen a livin sol for 4 das

Yours truly

JIM

Quick Delivery

THE crucial moment had arrived at last. The great scientist—making the final adjustment and reassured by a timely click—held the instrument to his ears.

"Is this you, Mars?"

"Yes," came the faint answer, translated by code.

"How many people have you got up there?"

"Oh, we're limited to a couple of hundred millions. We automatically get rid of all bores, diplomats and literary freaks as soon as they become known."

"Anything to drink?"

"My! yes. We keep it in public fountains, free for all."

"Smoke?"

"Most expensive cigar is five cents."

"How are the girls?"

"All homely ones immediately destroyed."

"Any income taxes?"

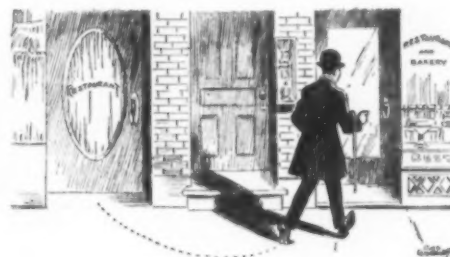
"No taxes at all. We—"

The great scientist rang a bell. When his assistant came in he said quietly:

"Harold, when I press this button I shall be no more. Please ship my astral body to Mars at once by Einstein's Dynamic Express. Coming, Mars!"

To —

I HAVE passed you many times upon the streets; my hand has brushed against you; my eyes have met yours, and an unforgettable message has passed between us. I cannot mistake its meaning. . . . You love me. And I shall make your love secure. I shall hold it forever. . . . For I am never going to speak to you.



WHERE A MAN FEELS LIKE GOING NOW—
ADAYS AFTER HE HAS EATEN IN A RESTAURANT



FEBRUARY 26
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

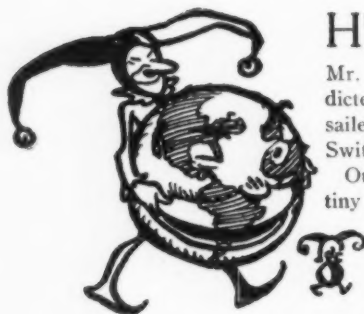
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THOMAS L. MASSON, Secretary

JAMES S. METCALFE, Treasurer
LE ROY MILLER, Assistant Treasurer

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Office, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



HISTORY is being made, as Mr. Davison predicted, when he sailed away for Switzerland.

Our Man of Destiny has discharged his Secretary of State, thereby considerably increasing the

perplexity with which observers now regard him.

Quite a while ago in Know Nothing and Anti-Masonry times, there was a governor of New York who, in a proclamation, spoke of the wisdom of man as a small light in a murky world. His political opponents made the most of his apparent disparagement of human wisdom, nicknamed him "Little-light Throop," and succeeded in running him out of office at the next election. It is upwards of a century since that happened, but in these times certainly, Governor Throop's remark could hardly be twisted to his political discredit. What he suggested would now be pretty generally admitted, and persons who will not admit it to-day are only too likely to do so to-morrow. Our world is desperately befogged, and the wisdom of man is stumped to find a course for it to safe harbor.

Even this matter of Mr. Wilson's summary parting with Mr. Lansing stumps the wits of the political expounders. That he and Mr. Lansing did not see eye to eye in Paris about the details of the Peace Treaty is not news of course. When it was made public by Mr. Bullitt what Mr. Lan-

sing's feelings were about the Treaty, if the President as soon afterwards as was convenient had detached Mr. Lansing from his political family, it would have been understood. But after all, in Paris Mr. Lansing spoke, not as Secretary of State, but as a Peace Commissioner, and as Commissioner he was entitled to have what views he chose, for in that capacity he did not represent the President, but the United States. And after he got home and resumed his duties as Secretary, the President was very busy fighting for the Treaty, and continued to be too busy to swap Secretaries up to the time of his collapse, so that now like enough is the first time he has had the strength and the leisure to transmute into fact a parting that really happened in Paris about a year ago.

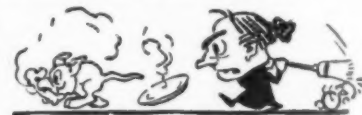
But why he blames Mr. Lansing for calling informal meetings of the Cabinet during his illness is not understood. The facts, so far as known, do not show any fault in Mr. Lansing in that regard, and if anyone knows better he does not tell.



BUT it is extremely interesting to have the President show so much bounce. He may be peevish—his letter to Mr. Lansing sounded so—but he has acted with energy in an important matter, and his will, at least, is seen to be operative once more. He has had a long and very thoughtful illness. Perhaps he has thought out a plan. He

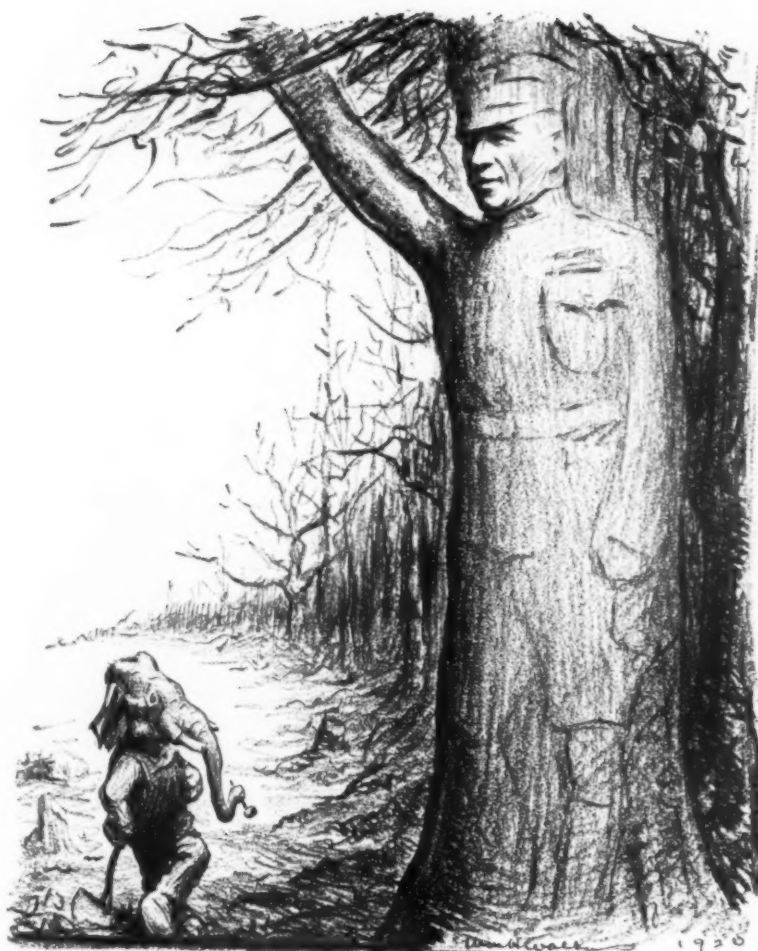
has done something entirely unexpected. Perhaps the next thing he does will be still more unexpected. He has done this thing hard. Maybe he will do the next thing still harder! All of a sudden the sick President walks out of the flies and sits down plumb in the lime-light.

Now what? He has still a year to serve as President, and one of the most fateful years that ever hatched out. Given that his strength is renewed, what can he do? Will he make Hoover Secretary of State and give him rope enough to operate? That would be extremely interesting, and might change the situation in Washington by affecting the attitude of the Senate. The last heard at this writing, the Senate was still floundering in the bog of Article X, and Mr. Balfour was saying in London that in his belief American reservations would undermine the whole structure of the League of Nations. Now with Hoover on the job things might move again!



BUT, of course, he may appoint Mr. Ambassador Davis or Mr. Polk, or Colonel House might be drafted. But the job as it has been would hardly attract any of those gentlemen, and if Mr. Daniels or Mr. Tumulty should succeed Mr. Lansing, the Senate would be unaffected. He could hardly appoint Mr. Lodge, but he might appoint Mr. Taft or Mr. Root and that would lift the senators clear out of their chairs, and restore the State Department to a position it has not held since 1912, and perhaps pull the Treaty through in such form that it might do some good.

So, however mysterious are the reasons the President has given for retiring Mr. Lansing, he has created a vacancy the filling of which is sure to be interesting and may be extremely important. Up to now he has kept the management of all important foreign affairs in his own hands, and written all the more important documents relating to them on his own typewriter. What he has done is extraordinary, and what, first or last, he has accomplished is important far beyond present possibility of computation. If now he



PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

could appoint to this vacant office a man who could harvest for humanity what he has sown, what a great sigh of relief would go up from this troubled world. But let us not heave such a sigh prematurely, for there is no sign that Mr. Wilson intends to let go of foreign affairs at all or delegate any authority in relation to them that he can retain. On the contrary, he gives indications of getting into the peace tangle with both feet.



THE papers say that the two illustrious Lodges, Sir Oliver and the Hon. Henry Cabot, have met in Washington and exchanged testimonials, and

discovered that they are of the same family. The Senator, it seems, told the scientist, much to his amusement, of being deluged with letters from all parts of the United States, telling him ghost stories, asking his opinion on local miracles and seeking advice on methods for communicating with the dead.

So people mix the Lodges up, and that is well. This communion between them is a hopeful sign. If Sir Oliver can persuade Henry Cabot that there are more worlds than this that we must live in, and more to this world than our poor five senses notice, it may induce an enlargement of the Senator's understanding and sympathies which will count for a good deal in mitigation of current sufferings and future prospects.

The Senator has been an important man this last year, but not obviously helpful to the world in distress. The scientist is also an important man, and his real errand in this country is to bring just such sinners as the Senator to a state of grace. His most important function as a lecturer is to spread religion by reviving faith. Unless due proportion of the world's statesmen get illumination of mind, such as religion sometimes brings, the politics of the world will only be improved by turning them out of office. So Sir Oliver could hardly be more usefully employed than in bringing enlarged ideas of human destiny to the notice of his cousin Cabot.



HERE it is Lent again, and with so many pious women voters casting their first vote for President this year Presidential candidates will doubtless swear off politics until after Easter. In the case of most of them the public will not know the difference. The two serious Republican aspirants are now General Wood and Governor Lowden. In these parts General Wood has an advantage in that every one knows who he is, whereas only specialists in politics know anything about Governor Lowden.

All the same Mr. Lowden is going pretty strong. His picture is in the paper, and it is the picture of a good-looking man, and presumably the Middle West if not the East knows whose picture it is, and what manner of man sat for it.

As for the Democratic candidates, they seem still to prefer seats on the back fence, from which to listen to discourse and note proceedings. No Democrat can know what to say about his party's intentions until he knows where Mr. Wilson will leave off. Democratic policy for seven years has been to follow Mr. Wilson's lead. It has been the only practicable policy for the period it covered. The way to continue it, if that is desired, is to find and elect another leader who will be a platform in himself and whose judgment will shape the party policies and whose will will execute them.

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The Leap Year Ball





The Eternal Feminine



THE comparatively new freedom of women to compete with men in gainful pursuits is didactically set forth in "He and She," in which enterprise Rachel Crothers combines the functions of playwright and leading woman. In the former capacity she unnecessarily loads down her play with argument for a cause already won. The only novelty of the argument is that it includes the right of a woman, who has voluntarily assumed the obligations of wife and mother, to set those obligations aside to compete with the male of the species in seeking fame and fortune, at no matter what cost to the husband with whom she competes and to the child whom she neglects. The moral, reached almost regretfully, in view of the play's lengthy preceding argument, is that, after all, if a woman has made a bargain, she ought to stick to it, if she can't dodge it.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, or some other proverbialist, has advised us never to let pleasure interfere with business. Proverbs of that age were made for men and before there was any thought that the pleasures of the limelight could interfere with woman's business in the domestic line. "He and She" teaches the same truth, applying it to the new freedom of women, but it teaches it only half-heartedly and with a sort of "over the left" attitude on the part of the playwright-teacher. The play may not live long enough to bring home the proverb to every woman contemplating or about to engage in matrimony, so, to make sure that it shall sink in where it is most needed, it might be well to print it in large type in the marriage service and make sure that celebrants of that rite deliver the admonition with proper emphasis.

Teaching aside, "He and She" becomes simply a play, and a play of not very strong appeal or strongly interesting quality. Sympathy is against the heroine, and not very active for the hero. His is not a forcible character, and is further weakened by Mr. Cyril Keightley's negative method of impersonation.

If he had taken the position that one sculptor was enough in a family and enforced that ruling against the wife who was trying to beat him at his own game, he might have been a real character, but in that case there would have been no "He and She." As the heroine, Rachel Crothers does not by her impersonation gain the sympathy which would have nullified the prejudice against the wife who, to gratify her own vanity, does not play the matrimonial game according to the rules. Faulty delivery concealed the meaning of some of the most important lines which might have plead for her if they could have been heard. By wholesome contrast the most sympathetic character in the play, agreeably pictured by Margaret Johnson, was the normal girl who was ambitious only for the career of wife and mother which the heroine was so ready to scrap for glory as a prize-winning sculptress.

"He and She" is not the best of Rachel Crothers's plays, and is not an important contribution to the settlement of the problem of woman emancipated.



IT is said that Mr. Drinkwater, whose "Abraham Lincoln" has deserved and achieved a success which promises to make it a classic, is by way of writing other plays with American public characters as their subjects, General Robert E. Lee being mentioned as his first study. He will find less incentive to dramatize other Americans, for no other has the combination of circumstance and character that made Lincoln the inspiration of what is perhaps the most remarkable play



THE DAY AFTER THE EXHIBITION OF FAIRBANKS-CHAPLIN FILMS AT THE VETERANS' HOME

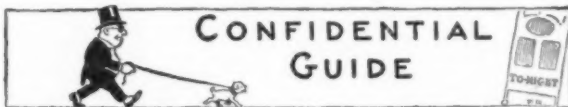


A BOLSHEVIST IN THE MAKING

of our time. We have plenty of dramatic material in our history, but none of it on so high a plane. It is not entirely the fault of our dramatists that American historical plays have had little appeal to our public. Under the severely democratic conditions of America in the making, the picturesque is lacking to the picture, and the romance has always been along very prosaic lines. Even the English stage in modern times has not dealt successfully with her modern rulers or their history, due somewhat perhaps to a hesitancy about trifling with royalty and hereditary rank.

It has taken more than fifty years and a foreign observer to fit even so outstanding a character as Lincoln into theatrical perspective. Let us hope that Mr. Drinkwater has only started on the task of bringing the true significance of American history to American knowledge. And perhaps fifty years from now there will be another Drinkwater to bring out the dramatic possibilities of the momentous history we are making to-day, including the theatrical value of a President who found the presidency too narrow for his world-wide ambitions.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. The atmosphere of China transferred to San Francisco to surround a well acted play.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. New York's Chinatown made picturesque as the scene of a melodrama of Chinese political plots.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Glass and Goodman, with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title rôle. Another amusing chronicle of the career of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," by Mr. Matheson Lang, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Costume melodrama, diverting and well staged.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," by Mr. A. L. Martin, with Jane Cowl. A spiritualistic tinge given to a romantic and sentimental play.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Friml. The pretty-girl possibilities of a boarding school in tuneful setting.

Century.—"Aphrodite." The Alexandria of Greco-Egyptian days with its wickedness and luxury in spectacular reproduction.

Century Grove.—"Midnight Whirl." The cabaret consolation of the sleep-haters.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Girl-and-music show of average type.

Cohan.—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. Interesting play with interesting star.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman. Crime melodrama, mystifying and very well done.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nvitray and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Farcical and laughable light comedy.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. A most impressive and absorbing poetical drama of American inspiration.

Criterion.—"The Letter of the Law," by Brieux, with Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Notice later.

Matinees.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Mr. Eugene O'Neill. Well written tragedy of rural life with unusually good acting.

Empire.—"Déclassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. Highly interesting phases of Anglo-American society life well interpreted.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed." French farce with Florence Moore. A vigorous and funny eccentric comedienne in a not particularly good farce.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. A forest-fire scene the most brilliant thing in a melodrama of the Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Frivolities of 1920." Expensively staged but brainless girl-and-music show.

Fulton.—"Mamma's Affair," by Rachel B. Butler. Delightfully played comedy of an imaginary feminine invalid.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. A year and a half old, but still going strong. Well acted divorce comedy with Reno for its scene.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg," by Mr. St. John Ervine. Notice later.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. Good music and dainty production of an excellent girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Very well acted and laughable light comedy.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates and Mr. Henry Miller. Superior cast in highly diverting satirical comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville features by the wholesale.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Amusing vistas of youthful life in some parts of America.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat," by Caldwell and Kern, with Ada Lewis and Mr. John E. Hazzard. A thoroughly jolly girl-and-music show.

Little.—"He and She," by Rachel Crothers. See above.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. Comedy explanation of the most amusing way to deal with an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. Well produced comedy dealing with some aspects of chorus-girl life in New York.

Lyric.—"George Washington," by Mr. Percy MacKaye, with Mr. Walter Hampden. Notice later.

Marine Elliott's.—"Mr. John Drew in 'The Cat-Bird,'" by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Notice later.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," by Mr. Arnold Bennett, with Elsie Ferguson. Notice later.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl," by Messrs. Herbert and Kummer. Far from startling girl-and-music show.

Park.—Repertory of light operas in agreeable presentation.

Playhouse.—"The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom, with Grace George. Diverting light comedy with the star in a picturesque rôle.

Plymouth.—"Richard III" with Mr. John Barrymore. Notice later.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Sex and crime melodrama, very mysterious and interesting.

Selwyn.—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and William. Amusing romance of life in the A. E. F. in France lightened with musical numbers.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Musical play, interesting and well done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal" by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Well presented and witty sex comedy.

Matinees. Tuesday and Friday, of Masfield's "Nan." Notice later.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Girl-and-music show of the better type, very well performed.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." More solace for the hard lot of the t. b. m. in the form of a generously staged girl-and-music show.

The Lost Hat

SEATED one day in a hat shop
I was bored and a bit blasé,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the plumed array.

I know not what I was buying
Or what I was trying on,
But I saw a feathered wonder
Like the hat of a Spanish Don!

'Twas flooded with crimson velvet,
Like the clothes of a Sheban queen,
And laved by a feather fancy
With a touch of real Blondine.

It rioted gold and silver,
Like sun overcoming rain;
It seemed the harmonious jumble
Of a genius gone insane.

It linked all perplexed shapings
Into one perfect hat,
And trembled away to a tricorne,
From a sort of a toque or flat.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost hat divine,
That came from the head of an artist
And sat so well on mine.

It may be that haughty salesgirl
Has sold it to some old hen!
And it may be at somebody's luncheon
I shall see that hat again!

Carolyn Wells.

Changed Conditions

CRABSHAW: Did the new girl ask
for a night off?

MRS. CRABSHAW: No. She asked
which night we hoped she might stay
home.



A MISCONCEPTION

Eve: I DO HOPE, ADAM, THAT POSTERITY WON'T THINK I WASN'T PROPERLY CLOTHED, JUST BECAUSE I ONLY HAD FIG LEAVES TO WEAR



THE RELATED APPEAL

Come and Be a Psychic

Good mediums are rare and valuable.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

OUR school for mediums is now open.

Classes in correspondence are being formed by the hour.

Are you making less than fifty dollars a day? If so, let us convince you of what you can do for yourself.

Hitherto you have been blind to the secrets of your power.

In a short time every household in the country will have a pet medium on the premises. Will you be one of these?

We teach you how to communicate in three lessons. A small deposit required in advance.

There is a psychic vein in every one of us. By means of a new system of

attraction we know how to bring it out in you. Inside of one week you can be walking arm in arm with Napoleon Bonaparte or Alexander the Great. There's money in it.

Be the captain of your own bank account.

Auras fitted while you wait.

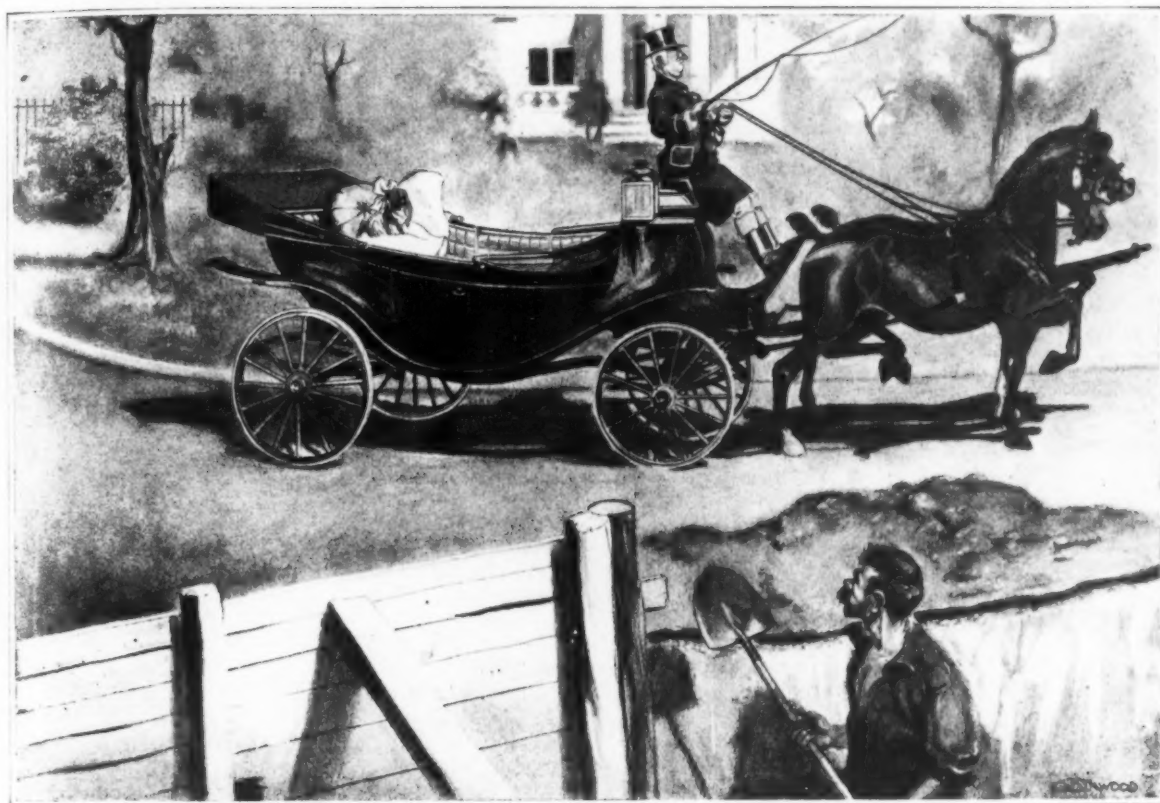
DR. WANDER BEATER,
Buncombe Building.

You float up twenty-eight flights.

Hard to Tell

MRS. MALONEY: Appearances are deceitful.

MRS. CASEY: They sure are. Whin Oi see the ould man surrounded by a squad of cops nowadays, Oi don't know whithir he's got pinched or is going to wurk in some non-union plant.



"DARNED EF I AIN'T BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THAT SOCIALISM BUSINESS, AFTER ALL!"

The Knocker

HOW many hands have lifted you,
Quaint bit of shining brass—
In those dim yesterdays, when time
Was not so swift to pass.

What gladness, and what sadness, too,
You mirrored, and what gay,
Gallant adventures, as perchance
The linkboys swung your way.

What swords you saw go bravely forth
To seek a foreign shore;
What hearts were broken at the word
Your muffled summons bore.

What secrets lay within your hold—
The laughter and the tears,
That followed patch and periwig
Adown those distant years.

But too fast-sealed your carven lips
For any whispered breath
Of how your world played out its masque
Of life and love and death.

Charlotte Becker.

TRUE love is no respecter of purses.

THE tallest tree in the forest was
asked how he did it.

"By minding my own business," he
replied.

THOSE of us who escaped the "flu"
have read so much about it in the
papers that it is a disappointment not
to have had it.



"YE GODS! AND TO THINK I WASN'T VERY KEEN ABOUT VISITING MY
GRANDMOTHER!"



"WELL, ANYWAY, THEY'RE NOT PROFITEERS, BOLSHEVIKI
NOR STRIKERS!"

The Poet and the Maiden

HE chanced, on a time not long ago,
To meet a maid with her cheeks aglow.
(For chance will do strange things, you know!)
And under the shade of a linden tree
They got to talking of poesy,
And he confessed that he sometimes wrote;
Then, "Oh," she cried, "I should dearly dote
To hear a poem, if you'll only quote!"
So what could he do, since her eyes were blue
As the vernal skies when the sun shines through
A rift in the cloud-rack, but recite
A lyric that lilted along as light
As a warbler does in its morning flight!

But when he had finished she murmured, "Why,"
As she cast upon him her April eye,
"Do you mean to say that's poetry?
It rhymes, and it seems to have some sense;
It isn't dull, and it isn't dense;
And it doesn't jump or bump or crawl,
And I don't call it a poem at all!"

Clinton Scollard.

Always Hope

THE fashionable physician walked in, in his breezy way,
and nodded smilingly at his patient.

"Well, here I am, Mrs. Adams," he announced. "What do you think is the matter with you this morning?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient languidly. "What is new?"

What Some Wives Think They Know

IF hubby gets home early he is planning doing something wrong.

If he gets home late he has done something wrong.

If he takes her to a thirty-five-cent show he is stingy.

If he takes her to a four-dollar show he is trying to atone for some sin of the seventh magnitude that he has not yet reported.

If he likes her favorite movie star he is planning to meet and probably elope with that beautiful and mysterious stranger.

If he doesn't he is ignorant and inartistic.

If he lounges around the house he is lazy.

If he is busy around the house he is fussy and nervous.

If he complains about the high cost of living he is begrudging her the necessities of life.

If he doesn't complain he is a spendthrift and is headed for the poorhouse.

If he is sentimental toward her there must be something wrong with him.

If he is not sentimental toward her he is a brute.

Is he entitled to a D. S. C.? He is, but there are too many of him. It would require another Liberty Loan.

Just be good to him and realize that when he smiles he has done something.

THE MILLENNIUM: When a girl who has never been kissed by a man kisses a man who has never kissed a girl.



"WHO IS THE SLENDER, OLIVE-SKINNED C'IL I JUST MET?
NAME OF FARWORTH, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

"OH, YOU MEAN GRACE HARWORTH, THAT THIN GIRL WITH
THE SALLOW COMPLEXION?"

Recently



FOUND IN KANSAS



CONTENT NOPL



LONDON DECREES THAT MEN SHALL WEAR LACES AND RUFFLES THIS SEASON



F. RICHARDS

THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.



STILL THERE'S MORE TO FOLLOW.

Excerpt

EXCERPT—From the record in *re Smith v. Southern Arctic Railroad Co.*, 989 U. S. 257, Fall Term, 1950.

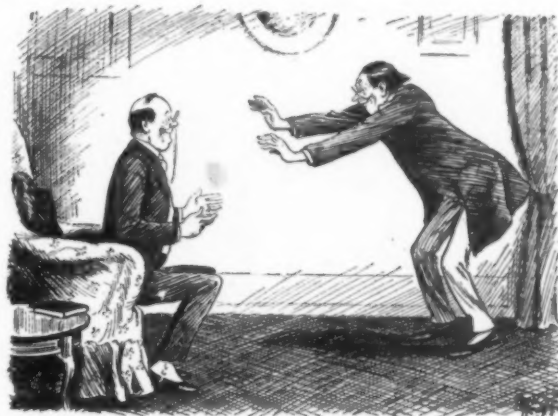
“ . . . And now, may it please the Court, in summing up the evidence submitted in this case, I should like to call attention to the situation at Squire's Crossing on the morning of May 10th, when the accident is alleged to have occurred, as viewed with reference to the Einstein Principle of Gravitation and Light Transmission.

“ Plaintiff has admitted that he could not see the train of the defendant railroad company, and contends, in justification for his failure, that the approaching cars did not give warning. Under the Einstein Law, of which I pray this honorable Court to take judicial cognizance, he could not see the train because the train was not there. We have not been able to ascertain where it was, or if it is, in fact, existent.

“ With this in mind, it is at once apparent that what the plaintiff saw was the point of focus of deflected light rays, bent in transmission from the place where the train was, in fact, to the place where the plaintiff thought it was. It is no offense, may it please the Court, not to signal the approach of a mirage, because mirages, *per se*, are not dangerous and are not governed by the Laws of Common Carriers.

“ The only conclusion, I submit, and I believe this hon-

orable Court will find that it is the only conclusion supported by the evidence, is that the plaintiff's automobile, if, indeed, he ever had one, either fell to pieces at the crossroads, or, the physical body of which it was the light reflection, became deranged through the deflection of light rays and simply ceased to exist.”



THE EASIEST WAY

Hypnotist: YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO HAVE A GIN FIZZ AND A COUPLE OF HIGHBALLS. HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

THE LATEST BOOKS

*White Shadows in the South Seas*

(By Frederick O'Brien. The Century Co.)

BEHOLD the far Marquesan isles
Of basalt mountains rimmed with
corals,
Where breadfruit grows, where Nature
smiles
And no one bothers much with morals;

Where tawny anthropophagi,
So gentle, handsome, strong and clever,
Have little now to do but die,
And soon must pass away forever!

Ah, once they tripped across the wolds
Untaught to curb their moods or pas-
sions;
(And, Mr. F. O'Brien holds,
These fair-skinned folk are True Cau-
casians!)

Their lives, their loves, their drinks were
free;
No scruples ever made them thinner;
They blithely warred on land and sea,
And those who fell were served for
dinner.

The white man conquered; hosts he slew;
The rest he swathed in shirts and like
robes.
He gave them rum and absinthe, too,
And filled them full of woe and mi-
crobes.

He even tried to make them work;
And soon these vagrom Sons of Edom
Will die. Of what? The bitter irk
Of ennui due to loss of freedom.

The author's friend, "Exploding Eggs,"
The tales, the graceful sports and
dances,
And lovely girls with tattooed legs
Are better stuff than most romances.

Dear, winsome Cannibals, I sit
And brood upon the ills you suffer!
I'll come and cheer you up a bit—
When I am just a little tougher.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE BOARDWALK, by Margaret Widdemer. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.) Short stories of young people who live the year 'round at a coast resort. Quiet, emotional, but usually avoiding the over-sentimental; often wistfully sad. The best work Miss Widdemer (now Mrs. Schaufler) has done in prose.

The *Fortune*, by Douglas Goldring. (Scott & Seltzer.) English novel, as tedious in places as Stephen McKenna's *Sonia*; well written, however. The manner is that of the microscopic Arnold Bennett, but the story is of the type of St. John G. Ervine's *Changing Winds*. Decidedly worth scrutiny, especially in its closing chapters.

The *Shepherd of the Sea*, by Henry Leverage. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Two-fisted salvation up Bering Strait way.

Adventures in Interviewing, by Isaac F. Marcossion. (John Lane Company.) Mr. Marcossion has met and "interviewed" most of the big men of our time, and his book is interesting, well worth reading and having, despite the "I" that figures so tiresomely on every page. The range of the book is wide,

running from President Wilson and Lloyd George to financiers, like J. P. Morgan; writers, such as Frank Norris and Arnold Bennett; a couple of editors (George Horace Lorimer and Henry Watterson); an inventor, Marconi; and including people of the theatre—Belasco, John Drew, Pinero and Ethel Barrymore, for example. Naturally, only the favorable aspects of his subjects are presented by Mr. Marcossion.

Marty Lends a Hand, by Harold S. Latham. (The Macmillan Company.) For boys. Novel idea, interesting action; satisfactory all through.

Legend, by Clemence Dane. (The Macmillan Company.) News of a woman novelist's death comes to her friends, assembled for one of their literary "nights." They spend the evening piecing what they know of her with the stuff in her books—and the reader is convinced that their guesses regarding her marriage and their explanation of her genius are all wrong! A cameo of a book.

The *Three Mulla-Mulgars*, by Walter de la Mare. (Alfred A. Knopf.) A poet's delightful story of three little monkeys in a great forest and enchanted valleys. Pictures, the best in color.

Outland, by Mary Austin. (Bon & Liveright.) Of a fanciful country in or near the California redwoods, inhabited by the "Outliers," who shun everyday people, or "House-Folk." Human passions against lovely natural backgrounds.

(Continued on page 380)



Lady: HOW DO YOU GET AT YOUR MONEY, MAY I ASK, WHEN THERE ARE GENTLEMEN ABOUT?

Chorus Girl: WHEN THERE ARE GENTLEMEN ABOUT, DEARIE, I DON'T HAVE TO GET AT MY MONEY.



HOWARD YOUNG

IF PHIL SHERIDAN HAD DONE THAT RIDE FOR THE MOVIES

Even at This Time of the Year

AS yet there are no signs of summer in the air, but, if we may be sure of anything, we may be sure that summer will come, and with it the sultry, torrid nights that bring torture to the little, poor children of New York's tenements. Even now, with winter still lingering with us, LIFE's generous readers are mindful of their power to lessen the misery of the children who cannot help themselves, and we are therefore able to acknowledge the receipt of the necessary funds from Mr. and Mrs. John J. Lincoln of Elkhorn, West Virginia, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 159

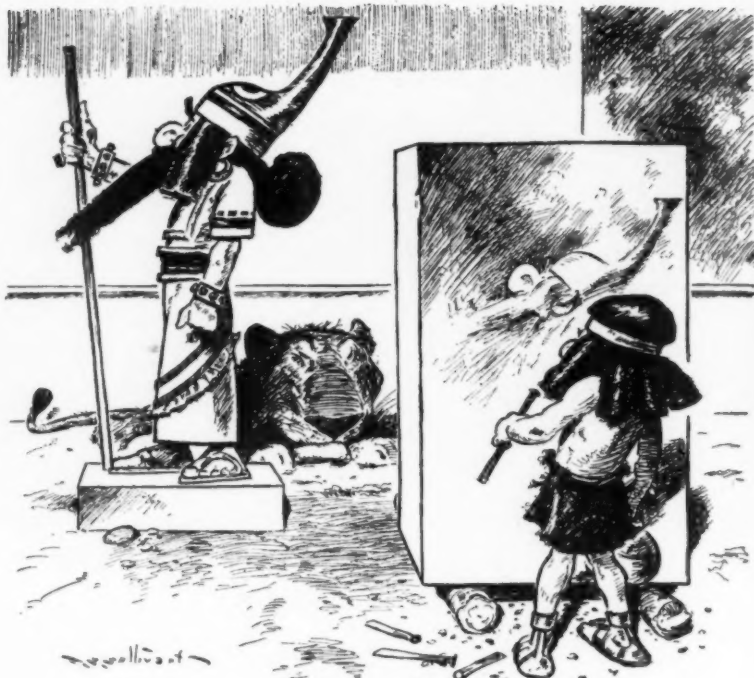
In Memory of LLOYD STANLEY LINCOLN, born July 20th, 1900; died February 21st, 1911; this fund being amount of his savings account.

From George A. Burd, Esq., New York City, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 160

In the names of Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE W. BURD.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4¼-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-



King Solomon's Sculptor: O KING, I TRUST THAT YOUR MAJESTY WILL REALIZE THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF GETTING A LIKENESS THAT WILL PLEASE ALL YOUR MAJESTY'S WIVES!

first Street, New York City. A check will do as well. The income from this

amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.

Extract from a Future History

IT must not be supposed that the servant-girl joke was prohibited without a struggle. Indulged in by every professional humorist and column writer, it had such a firm hold on all classes that it was deemed impossible to dislodge it. After a legislative fight lasting two years, however, in which every embittered cook took part, the barriers were broken, and the Eight Hundred and Second Amendment to the Constitution made it the law of the land.

All in the Family

"HERE'S an Englishman who complains that Great Britain has been criticized by an American."

"Doesn't he realize that's only one of our ways of advertising an article one wants to push?"

SOMETIMES a man's friends are his limitations.



Mother: ISABEL, FATHER AND I FEEL THAT AT PRESENT PRICES WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE YOU A CHURCH WEDDING; BUT WE'LL PAY ALL HONEYMOON EXPENSES IF YOU'LL ARRANGE TO ELOPE



The soundness and the thoroughness of Liberty engineering have always made themselves pleasantly evident.

They are more evident now than ever.

The difference in Liberty riding and driving—which has its foundation in sound engineering—has always been distinct and delightful.

It is more distinct and more delightful now.

The smooth steadiness of Liberty performance has always been a distinguishing mark.

It is even more pronounced now.

Thus Liberty engineering has improved upon itself.

Not by turning away from a single basic principle or feature; but rather by steadfastly adhering to those principles, and refining their application to a still higher degree.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

"His Look Drew Audience"

Gilbert Chesterton, the English critic, when driving in an open car down Oxford Street and Piccadilly, attracted as much attention, owing to his great size and massive head, as the king going to open Parliament.

"Why," exclaimed W. W. Ellsworth, the American publisher, "they all know you."

"Yes," replied Chesterton in a grieved tone, "and if they don't they ask."

—Argonaut.

Caveat Emptor

"Ikey," said the teacher, "can you give me a definition for 'a bargain'?"

"Sure I can," smiled Ikey. "A bargain's when you get the best of them."

—New York Evening Post.

THE way to convert yourself to an idea is to talk someone else into believing it.

—New York Evening Sun.



SNAPSHOT OF A MAN TRYING TO MAKE HIS COLLAR LOOK LIKE ONE IN THE ADVERTISEMENT

Eyes of Youth

WOOD: There is no accounting for youthful impulses.

PARK: Meaning what, may I inquire?

"In a movie comedy the other day I saw a big lion chasing one of the slapstick artists—"

"Uh huh—"

"And a little kid in the audience yelled, 'Run, lion, run!'"

—Youngstown Telegram.

A Somebody

One of the joyful episodes not experienced but so often, but growing more frequent as the negro endeavors to prove his equal social status while engaged in menial occupation, is to be told by the colored porter that "a white fellow was here awhile ago looking for you."

—Hampton Roads Monthly.

"Did you have a good time at the Flatherby's week-end affair?"

"Gracious, yes! My husband wouldn't speak to me for two weeks afterward."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

SOMETIMES a fellow calls making a lot of damn-fool mistakes with a motor getting experience.—American Motorist.

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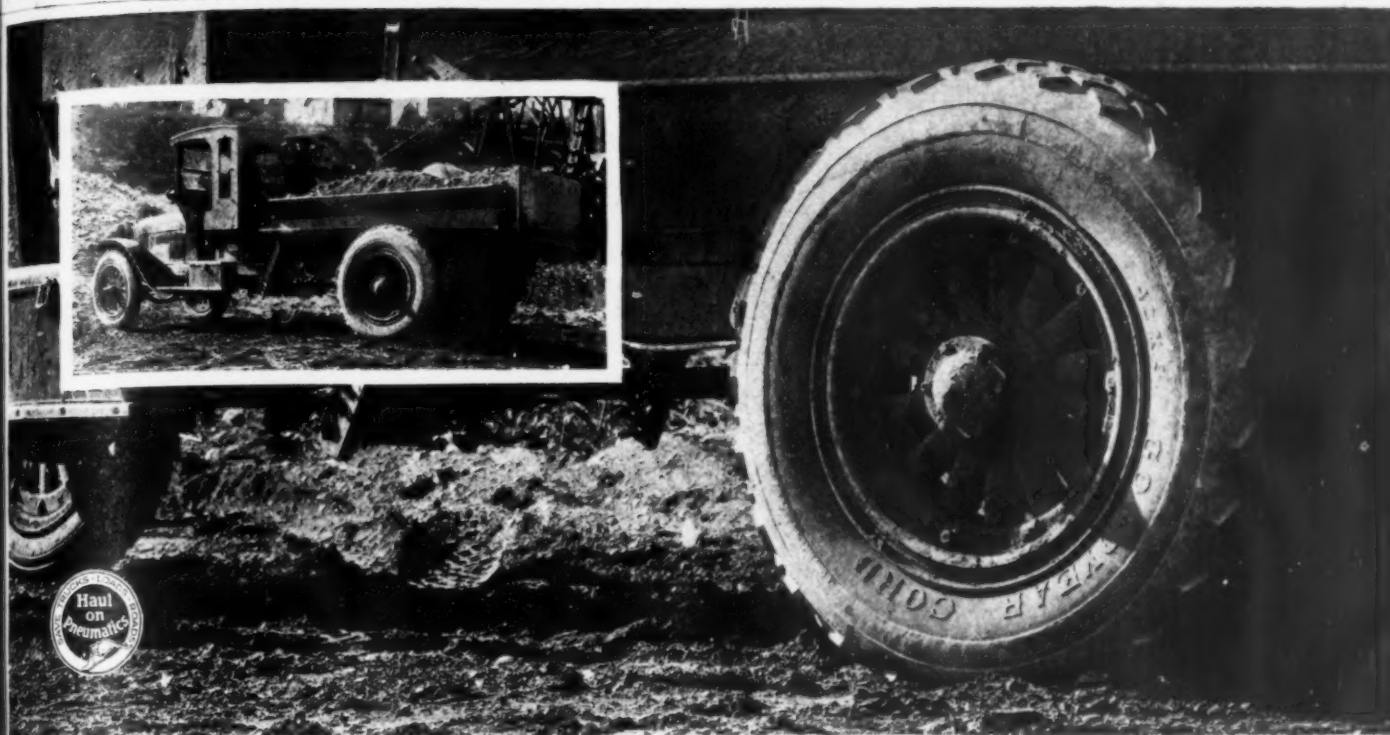
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"In hauling yardage on contract my truck on Goodyear Cord Tires has made six to eight more round trips, of ten miles each, per day than any solid-tired truck on the same work. During a recent rainy spell my truck on Goodyear Cords was the only one hauling gravel to a mixer—the solid-tired trucks were stopped by soft going. This means money to me."—W. S. Devenwater, Contract Hauling, Grand Rapids, Michigan

THIS report reflects that tremendous country-wide experience which has demonstrated that the perfected pneumatic truck tire completely removes the handicaps of hauling on solid tires.

In pointing to the benefits of pneumatic traction, cushioning and nimbleness, it particularly reflects the vital results of Goodyear Cord construction, originated by Goodyear several years ago.

Goodyear Cord construction has made possible that decisive combination of resilience and toughness which, in turn, has made pneumatics entirely practical for heavy duty.

It is this original Goodyear method of manufacture that has been the foundation of all those qualities of the

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It has furnished the basis of that pioneering work which has produced Goodyear Cord Tires for trucks, also Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials, and the engine pumps, wheels, air gauges, and vulcanizing equipment made with Goodyear co-operation.

Its economy is written in the records of Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Express, Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line, Goodyear Heights Bus Service, and in many other fields of transport.

Cost data, detailing the advantages of pneumatic truck tires as compared with solid tires, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

GOODYEAR

CORD TIRES

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Bargain?

As the man and the maid strolled through the picture gallery the woman stopped before one exhibit.

"Oh, how sweet!" she breathed.

"I wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow, as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude of love and longing.

"Oh, Charlie, don't you see?" the girl chided tenderly. "He has just asked her to marry him and she has consented. It's lovely! What does the artist call the picture?"

The young man leaned nearer and eyed a little label on the frame.

"I see!" he cried. "It's printed on this card here—'Sold!'"

—Houston Post.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Teachers Wanted

Many a mother, probably, after having Johnny home when he ought to be in pedagogic hands, has wondered why she ever wrote those sharp notes to the teacher who told him he was a wretched little boy. Johnny, being asked now, "Where's teacher?" answers, "There isn't any," and mother comprehends her barren gain, her bitter loss.

—New York Evening Post.

On Her Looks

"Why don't you send the typewriter back to the business school if she is so incompetent?"

"To be frank, I don't feel justified. I took a look around the class and picked her out myself."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE most convincing argument in the world is intelligent silence.

—Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.

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Take Out Tickle

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The Professor: PARDON ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, YOUNG MAN, BUT YOU ARE PROBABLY NOT AWARE THAT YOU ARE LOITERING ON MY FEET.

A Dud

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. Can" overhead and dived into a shell-hole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit fully in the wind by the non-com's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—

"Good Lord! is that you, Sarge?"

"That's me."

"Thank Heaven! I was just waiting for you to explode."

—American Legion Weekly.

ONCE in a while you meet a friend who is so glad of a chance to help you out of trouble that he is almost willing to help you into some for the sake of showing you.—Washington Star.

News is the end of a story. The beginning seldom is printed.

—Ashland (Mo.) Bugle.

Sure Relief



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1899—1920

AS the Locomobile enters its twenty-first season of activity it seems appropriate and desirable to make an expression of appreciation to the many admirers and supporters of our unusual policies.

The Locomobile as is well known, is conceded the foremost position among motor cars. Abroad as well as at home, the reputation of the car is of the highest; and if a specific illustration were needed, the selection of the Locomobile as the car for General Pershing to use officially in France, is sufficient to express the esteem in which the car is held.

Every one knows also that the great prestige of the Locomobile was built up by years of constant adherence to the most elevated standards of design and workmanship. And every one further understands that extraordinary extremes of care and painstaking have been gone to in the Locomobile Works, so as to make each car superior in detail.

Such traditions and such ideals greatly encourage and stimulate the always difficult task of maintaining and increasing high quality; and they point the way clearly to a continuance of the policies that made such a success possible.

In a word the Locomobile will continue to be a car of the greatest strength, luxury, and refinement, and the name "Locomobile" will always be an expression of the utmost quality.

The present model will be continued. There will be no radical changes. The Locomobile policy is thus re-affirmed; and the car will go on to greater and greater triumphs in its own particular field.

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 372)

Finely written; the sort of thing Mrs. Austin does best.

The Book of the Damned, by Charles Fort. (Boni & Liveright.) Why is everything? Hamlet, visited with Ophelia's madness, might find this effort at an answer wholly satisfying.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Small, Maynard & Co.) Of the more than one hundred poems Mr. Braithwaite has chosen for the book, he calls attention in his introduction only to Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Valley of the Shadow." Every reader will quarrel with the selections; every reader will find at least fifty per cent. satisfaction in the lot. We miss Edgar



LEAP YEAR

Lee Masters's "Botticelli to Simonetta"—twenty lines that may outlive the whole of *Spoon River Anthology*. The last half of the book contains an exhaustive record of the twelvemonth in American poetry, in the style of Mr. Braithwaite's anthologies for previous years.

The Great Impersonation, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Oppenheim does two novels-of-excitement a year. Year in and year out. Once in a while, of course, the latest isn't quite up to snuff. But this one is. Beginning Chapter Three, you will be cocksure you know all about the impersonation of Sir Everard Dominey by the Baron von Ragastein. You know a lot!

The Crescent Moon, by Francis Brett Young. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) If you did not read this novel of Africa in 1919, buy it in 1920! Here is a young English novelist who isn't a flivver, and whose reputation, when it comes, won't be a soap-bubble. Wonderful stuff.

The House of Baltazar, by William J. Locke. (John Lane Company.) The usual W. J. Locke story falls somewhere between *The Beloved Iagabond* and an E. Phillips Oppenheim of the better sort. This does. Excellent, if not memorable, entertainment.

Grant M. Overton.



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Those Who "Sittee on Platform"

A CHINESE laundryman gazing upon a beetle-browed, queerly garbed Oriental who followed a plough across a field near Gravesend, explained: "Him workee all winter on farm. Summertime him Hindoo plince, workee in mooshum."

"And what does he do in the museum?" I asked.

"Him sittee on platform. Melican man come looker at him," replied the Celestial with a smile that expressed something of the cynical philosophy of the ancient eastern races in their attitude toward the civilization of the western world.

I was reminded of this episode when I learned that the Dime Museum was to be revived on Broadway. This branch of the amusement business perished because the supply of freaks gave out, and I could not help wondering what manner of curiosities would now be placed before the public. The Tattooed Man—"ninety thousand stabs, and for every stab a tear"—has passed away, as have the Wild Men of Borneo and the Turtle Boy. Milly-Christine has, or have, fairly earned the rest to which her, or their, advanced years give warrant. Fat Ladies may be seen for nothing dancing in any Broadway cabaret. Where, then, shall freaks be



THINGS / THAT / ENDURE

The works of man that endure are all alike vitalized by the same spark. That spark is the striving for an ideal perfection that forgets an immediate profit.

When the Apperson Brothers built with their own hands the first mechanically successful automobile, their goal was achievement of an ideal perfection.

And as Apperson has grown, this spirit has never changed. It has kept the Appersons breaking trail for more than a quarter of a century. It has endowed every Apperson car with enduring worth.

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found to lookee upon whom the Melican man will pay his dimes?

In the days of its vogue the stage of the dime museum was occupied by players who had long since fallen from their higher estate and were glad of any employment. The memory of these suggests a solution of the problem.

During the past winter a band of British authors has been sitteeing on platforms to be looked at by wondering Melican men and the females of their species. Coincident with their platform labors, they have carried on a thrift drive unequaled in the annals of American economics.

Two traits these aliens have in common—their love for dear old America and their high hopes of an abundant harvest. Added to this is a system of

money-shaving and nickel-paring before which the most advanced German efficiency stands abashed. The generous hospitality of our western cities has been to them as is a field of ripe grain to the locust. They have fed upon it and passed on, leaving depleted larders and indignant hostesses behind them. It is related that one of them arrived in St. Louis before breakfast, sattee on platform in the afternoon, and departed at night, having spent there an entire day and nothing else. New York clubs echo with tales of their prodigal parsimony. And, in return for the dollars they have gathered, they have said nothing worth listening to, done nothing, except to sittee on the platform and be looked at.

Tidings of their great earnings and savings have spread abroad, and next season will see the inbound steamers crowded with their compeers, eager to exhibit themselves to the gaping Melicans. The glut of talent will have its inevitable result. Before the end of the season the authors will be glad to sittee in groups for a single dime and to eke out their meagre recompense by the sale of photographs, a source of revenue as yet untouched by even the hardest of them. *James L. Ford.*

A Submerged Minority

THE next great humanitarian movement in order might be one to regulate the lives of all the men who take care of furnaces. They should be gradually taught to turn on the draughts on a cold day and turn them off on a warm one. At present, take them as a class, their idealism is too pronounced and their faith in Providence to keep us supplied with funds enough to buy more coal, is too widespread.

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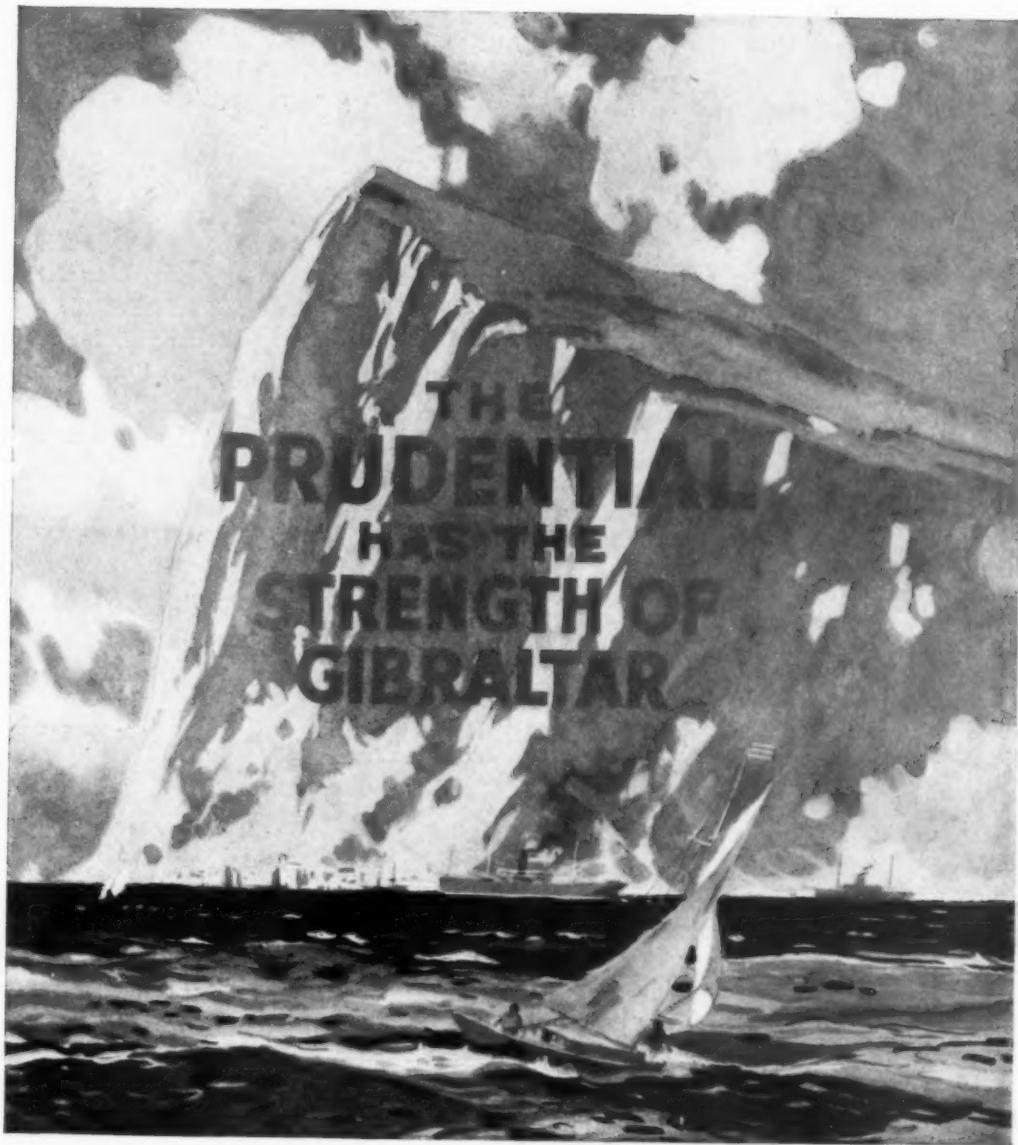
Look for the Fifth Avenue Section in Scribner's Magazine each month.

Adv.



Said the f.x., "Let's open a barber shop. A nice, neat parlor of our own. I will furnish the brush, old top. And you can furnish the comb."

· LIFE ·



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